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ABOUT LILIES.

DO any of the little readers of *THE CHILD AT HOME* love *Lilies*? To such as do, and I hope they are many, I want to tell something about these flowers, for they are among the most beautiful that grow in our fields and gardens.

Many kinds of lilies are found wild in this country. Their large open bells of yellow or scarlet may be seen swinging gracefully in the breeze in almost any damp meadow of New England just before the

mower begins his work on the full-grown grass; while no door-yard or garden is quite complete without its bunches of the old-fashioned yellow, or the deliciously sweet white Day-Lily. There are other varieties, very graceful and handsome, known to lovers of this beautiful flower, that have long had a cozy place both in their yards and affections.

Several years ago some new kinds of lilies were brought to this country from Japan, and florists were very eager to get the bulbs and have a good stock of plants on hand for sale as quickly as possi-

ble. And the new species were beauties indeed. Some were pure white, large, and clear like wax. Others were flecked inside, on a white ground, with spots of the richest crimson, rose, or salmon color. The whole formed a bell of the purest delicacy, sweetly perfumed, rising from a stalk set thick with glossy green, lance-shaped leaves — a throne fit for any queen of the fairies. As I write, several thrifty stems of the white Japan lily are growing just under my window, soon to be crowned with three or four magnificent blossoms each.

But have any of my little friends ever seen the *Golden Lily*, that splendid queen of the lily tribe? Some of you have; many of you probably have not. Let me tell you, then, something about it. It has been quite recently brought from Japan; and it certainly increases our interest in that interesting country to know that such beautiful plants are not rare there, but abound in all the fields. This prize has been named *Lilium Auratum*, that is, the Golden Lily. And it is so called because each petal, or flower-leaf, is marked inside with a broad band of gold running from the centre of the blossom to the tip of the petal.

Imagine now a lily such as I have before described of a pearly white, spotted with crimson, and banded as with stripes of pure gold; and the whole, when fully open, spreading nearly a foot across. No wonder that florists went into raptures over their new treasure, and that the bulbs sold at first for extravagant prices. No wonder that gardeners were so anxious to preserve their dearly bought pets, and to secure a full return for their pains in beauty and perfume, that they almost killed the poor plants with over-care. For the best of it is, these flowers, delicate as they seem, are quite hardy. They do not want too much nursing, nor too rich a soil: and even the finest of them all may now be procured at a trifling cost. What a rich return for a little care and expense!

The other day I saw a lily of the golden-banded species on a slender stem not more than fourteen inches high, while the blossom itself was fully ten inches in diameter. It was a marvel of grace and sweetness. When mature, the stalk rises several feet high, and bears immense clusters of blossoms. What a magnificent sight that must be!

Lilies are found in almost every part of the world. The hills and valleys of the Holy Land, the fields of Persia, the dry plains of Southern and the rich meadows of Central Africa, are all covered with them in their season; and we have seen what gorgeous ones blossom in the far East. All these, not to mention the pure water-lilies that crowd our ponds in early summer, that sleep on the sacred Nile and Ganges, and that wonder of the world — the *Victoria Regia* of the South American rivers.

See how rich and glorious the works of creation are! The world is full of wonderful and beautiful things. And the lesson these things ought to teach us is, the great Wisdom, and Power, and Love of God. Even the little child can understand this.

Well might the blessed Saviour say, when He was on earth, and looked abroad over the hills of Galilee studded with resplendent flowers, "*Consider the lilies of the field!*" When we behold these

wonderful creations of loveliness, whether in the field, in the garden, or in the conservatory, we are to "consider" them—look at them, examine them, admire them—and remember how great must be the wisdom that planned their growth from the unsightly soil, the power that could call them into being, the love and tender care that sustains them. Do we think of this when we see the works of God around us, and especially when we see that one flower which Christ singled out, most beautiful in form and color—when He would teach the fullest trust in our heavenly Father?

We ought to spare a part of our money to give the Bible to the heathen, and to teach them its saving truths. And when we come to ourselves, we need sufficient food and clothing, and houses to live in. We need books and papers to instruct us and improve our minds. But is this all? No. With a little of the money that we would otherwise perhaps spend very foolishly, for a toy we did not want, or a bit of unnecessary finery, we may obtain what will give us great pleasure, occupy well some of our spare moments, and tend to make us more thoughtful as well as purer and better. If some of you, my little friends, will try to get even a lily of your own—it need not be a costly one—and then will take good care of it, watch its growth, study its habits and wants, see how in the autumn it folds itself down under the earth to sleep, how in the spring it pushes aside its covering and comes forth in a fresh dress of green, and then prepares day after day to put on in midsummer its wondrous crown of glory,—if you will do this, I think it will well repay the trouble, and give you much enjoyment while it teaches you many a good lesson.

S. N.

THE CHILD AT HOME.

BOSTON, OCTOBER, 1871.

National, Christian, Unsectarian.

OUR ARMY.



Y "our army" I mean the army of subscribers to THE CHILD AT HOME, and *The Christian Banner*. I suppose you would all like to know how large it is; but I cannot tell you, for recruits are coming in so rapidly that if I were to give you the correct count to-day, it would be incorrect to-morrow. Thousands have been added to it during the summer, and I love to think of the whole number marching to the same tune, and all ready to do the same great work.

"What can this army do?" do you ask? It can do almost anything that is right, but I will mention one thing in particular.

One day last summer there came a letter, addressed, in a boy's handwriting, to the American Tract Society. It was post-marked "West Boylston," and contained a neat note and a dollar bill. The boy who wrote wished to help the Society. He wished to be a stockholder in it. He might have said to himself, "A dollar can't do much good, and I think I will not send it to a great Society where it will be lost and forgotten." But he did not think nor say that. He had faith that it would do good, and so he sent it. He has the Treasurer's receipt for it now, and I have no doubt he feels better satisfied than if he had kept the money. When the Treasurer laid that dollar bill away beside the others, he said, "O that every member of our army would give us a dollar! How full this drawer would be, and how many good Sunday-school books the Society might print!"

Let us suppose for a moment that one hundred thousand members of our army should send us a dollar apiece (and there are a great many more in the army than that), what busy times it would make at the office, and how it would please the "Executive Committee!"

But as you may not know what the "Executive Committee" is, I will tell you. It is composed of several gentlemen who give their time to take care of the Society. They tell the Editor how they wish the papers conducted. They decide what books ought to be published, and it requires a good deal of care to do that; and they distribute the books and tracts over the country as good people give them money to do it. I am sure they love children, and rejoice when they find children who love the Society.

This little boy in West Boylston says he intends to be a "Life Member" one of these days. He will have to send us \$20 to have that distinction, and I hope he will do so.

Do you ask again "What can this army do?" I think it can make *The American Tract Society* a greater power for good in our wide land than it ever has been. Suppose, as we march along, we drop a dollar each into the treasury of the Society, would it not be a grand deed? Let us not stop to ask the question, but listen to the captain as he says—
Forward, MARCH!

THE picture on the first page tells a temperance story. The Editor wishes the boys and girls, who can find the place in the Bible that it illustrates, to write out the story in their own words, and send it to him. If any one is very good, and short enough, it will be printed in a future number of the paper. Is it not a very spirited picture?

THIS Society is preparing for immediate publication, *The National Family Almanac*. It is to be profusely illustrated, and besides its calendar pages it will contain a large amount of practical information. It will be sold at as low a price as possible, and we must ask our subscribers to help us extend its circulation. In fact, it will only be by a large sale that our outlay will be made profitable.

CROSSING BRIDGES.



WHEN I was a boy, I heard a sermon in which the clergyman said, "Never cross a bridge before you come to it. Do not think it is weak or dangerous, nor worry yourself lest it shall break down under you. Wait until you get to it. It may be as firm as iron and stone can make it." That is all I remember of the sermon, but whenever I have felt distressed or anxious about the future, I have thought of it.

The picture above has made me think of it again. This little boy had a loose tooth. He was afraid to have it drawn, and worried himself no little about the pain he expected to suffer. His mother put a thread around the tooth, and drew it out so gently

that it did not hurt at all. All his pain was in anticipation. Are not most of our troubles greater in anticipation than in reality?

"Leave God to order all thy ways,
And hope in Him, whate'er betide;
Thou'lt find Him, in the evil days,
An all-sufficient strength and guide.
Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
Builds on the Rock that naught can move." — Y.

CONSTANT BOYS.



ALWAYS the most constant boy in the Sunday-school class is the best boy. He is sure to be the most interested in the lesson; first because each lesson helps him understand the one which comes next, and instead of taking here and there a lesson, he has the grand truths of the Bible unfolding to him every week. The constant boy is sure to be the most loved and respected. The teacher can't help regarding him with

peculiar love and care. He watches for that face; it fills his thoughts through the week; it inspires his every prayer. Constancy implies the rarest virtue. God makes it a test of saving love. He that endureth to the end shall be saved.

Now, dear boys, one and all, try this rare way of living. Be true to your best interests. Stand out bravely, and whatever else may be true of you, however poor, however rich, however gifted, however lacking, this one trait of constancy to duty through love to God and his service shall raise you above all earthly circumstances to the acceptance and love of God.

BATCHELDER.

A LONG SERVICE.—A lady in the First Baptist Church, Baltimore, has been in its Sunday-school

fifty-four years. How much teaching! What great responsibility! But also, what a great and glorious reward! Think of this, ye who think you have done your work in ten or twenty years, and will now retire!

A LESSON FROM A BIRD.—The other day I watched a little bird that had alighted on a branch almost too frail to bear his weight. The branch was swaying to and fro, but the little songster did not cease his song. *Christian, learn the lesson that bird would teach thee, and amid life's vicissitudes sing on, for thou art immortal.* — *National Baptist*.

As the end of the volume approaches we desire to renew our efforts to increase the circulation of THE CHILD AT HOME. Will our friends aid us in this matter? A word is often all that is needed to insure the introduction of our paper into a new school. We shall be obliged to our friends if they let us know that they approve of our paper.

HOME AGAIN.

YES, there it is, the old, old home!
The garden trim and neat,
The gambrel roof of ancient shape,
The rustic wooden seat:
The very smoke, it curls aloft
As it was wont to do,
When years ago, with heavy heart,
I bade my home adieu.

The rustic stile on which I lean,
The fields all round me spread;
The silver stream in yonder glade,
The trees above my head;
The waving corn, like yellow gold,
The hedges thick and green,
All tell me that I'm back again
In some familiar scene.

The little church whose old gray spire
Stands dark against the sky,
Now throws its shadow o'er the grave
Where both my brothers lie;
And there's the tree I loved to climb,
And swing among its boughs;
The tree where happy lovers came,
To whisper lovers' vows.

How many, many weary years
Have passed since that glad time!
With shrinking feet I've often had
The hills of life to climb;
Still climb, brave heart, and do not fail;
Half way, O, never stop,
For though 'tis gloomy in the vale,
There's sunlight at the top.

The evening sun is setting red,
I cannot see things clear;
A trembling at my heart tells me
I must not linger here;
I'll pass the door, and lightly tap
Upon the window pane:
"Hi! mother, father, quick! come here,
Your boy is home again."

"Thank God! 'tis true, it is the lad!"
O! who can tell their joy;
With streaming eyes and grateful hearts
They welcome back their boy;
His manly beard and sailor's dress
Delight their wondering eyes,
While listening to his marvelous tales
Of foreign lands and skies.

Far, far into that happy night
They sit around the fire;
The father gazes on his son,
The son upon his sire;
Then with their hearts all full of joy,
Forgot all care and pain,
They give their thanks to Him who's
brought
The wanderer home again.

AFTER DEATH.

BY AUNT EMMA.

DEAR children, you all know that you must die. I don't believe you have thought much about this, for death is not considered a very pleasant subject to dwell upon, and some even think it is wrong to mention it to children. But so many, many little people die every year, that we ought to think and talk about it with them. It is a pity for them to be overtaken by an event which is so very common, and to be found entirely unprepared for it.

But after all, death is not exactly what I want to talk with you about to-day. What comes after death? Something. We do not cease to exist. Death is a change, but it is not the end of us. Our bodies die, but our spirits live on. And there is a place in which they live. It is about this I want you to think for a few minutes.

The Bible tells us but little about this other life, — very little. But what it does tell is important. Let us see what it is.

It tells us that this other life never ends. After we die here and go into the other world, there is no more dying. This life is only a little, short space of time given us for preparation for that other long, unending life. When death removes us from this

world into the next, it has done its work. It leaves us there, to remain there forever and forever.

Another thing it tells us, is, that there are two separate places where people live there. Here on this earth all mingle together, the good and the bad. The wicked tempt and trouble the righteous, and the righteous try to help and convert the wicked. But there they will be separated. The Lord will divide them, as a shepherd divideth the sheep from the goats, and the good He will place at his right hand, but the wicked on the left. And finally, when the separation is completed, He will receive one class to live forever in heaven, and the other will be banished, to live forever in hell. And between heaven and hell Jesus said there was a great gulf fixed; so that they which would pass from one to the other cannot.

Again, the Bible describes these two everlasting homes. A great many things we should like to know of them it says nothing about, and yet the description of each is very clear. It tells us that heaven is a place of perfect purity and happiness. No evil thing can enter it. Nothing that defiles or that causes pain or sorrow will ever be found there. No person who loves sin of any kind can be admitted. So of course it must be a place of perfect happiness, for it is sin that causes all the misery we know about; and where there is no sickness, nor pain, nor want, nor sin, do you not think people

no way for us but to try to escape hell and secure heaven. Do you not think this is the wisest way? I mean for myself, to go to heaven; and I want to meet every one of you there. Will you be there? At the last day, will you, little boy, little girl, have a place at God's right hand, ready to join in that grand procession of the good who will ascend into heaven, to be sinless and happy forever? I pray God I may meet you all in that great and blessed company.

The way thither you know very well. It is the narrow way. You enter it by the "strait gate" of repentance, and it leads you by the cross of Jesus, right on and up to heaven. You will find Jesus at the gate to welcome you, and take you by the hand, and He will lead you safely along over all the dangers and difficulties of the road, until you arrive at the golden portal which opens for you into the holy city. Oh, blessed, beautiful city! God's home, and the home of the good for evermore!

THE BRAVE GIRL.

SEE that old log cabin. The sashes are broken out, and the door has only one hinge left. The boards of the roof are rotting away. The mortar between the logs that filled up the chinks is loose and is falling out, and the wind blows through the spaces between the logs. The cabin is not fit for any one to live in now, so they use it as a barn, and it shelters the calves from the storm.

There is a true story about that old house. A family lived in it about twenty years ago. There was a father and mother, and two children: one was a girl, and the other a baby boy. The father went to the woods to work one morning. It was a wild country around the cabin at that time, and the mother had to go quite a distance to get some provisions; so the girl was left alone in charge of her brother.

It was tiresome waiting so long, for the little boy was fast asleep, and she had to keep still. The window was open to let in the fresh air. It was near dinner time, and she thought that she would go down to the spring and get a can of fresh water. She picked up the can, opened the door and went out, and closed the door quietly. She walked a rod or two to the spring and filled her can, and turned around to go back to the house.

But what a sight met her eyes! There was a panther springing out of the window with the baby. The girl dropped her can, screamed as loud as she could, and ran at the panther to get her little brother. The wild beast was making for the woods as fast as he could go. But the sister screamed and ran, and two men that were coming down the road shouted at the panther and began to run to the rescue. The panther was frightened, dropped its precious bundle, and went into the thick woods. The little girl quickly reached her baby brother, picked him up, and was glad to find that he was not hurt much. There were only a few scratches on him. The panther had taken hold of the baby's clothes, and so the little boy was not killed.

The little boy is a young man now and the brave girl has grown into a woman. The brother is glad that he was saved and the sister is glad that she saved him.

We may learn from this story that a little girl can be brave. We ought to remember also that we are to watch and care for one another. We are our brother's keeper. We should try to save one another from dangers that are worse than any panther. We are to warn each other against sins, for they bring not only the body, but also the soul into danger.

MARSHALL.

"What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee."



HOME AGAIN.

